Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of bloud.
Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imploy'd, *Baſſanio*,
Then to live ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both: my L. *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.
Grat. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Grat. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Woolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleet,
And whileſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed dame;
Infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
Are woolviſh, bloudy, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my Bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand for Law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my heart: ſome three or foure of you

Go give him curteous conduct
Meane time the Court ſhall he

Your Grace ſhall underſtand
am very ſicke, but in the inſtan
ving viſitation was with me a
Balthaſar: I acquainted him w
tween the *Iew* and *Anthonio* th
books together, he is furniſhe
with his own learning, the g
commend, comes with him a
Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I
no impediment to let him lac
knew ſo young a body with ſ
Gracious acceptance, whoſe t
mendation.

Enter Portia

Duke. You heare the learn'
And here I take it is the Doct
Give me your hand, come you
Por. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, ta
Are you acquinted with the
That holds this preſent queſti
Por. I am enformed throu
Which is the Merchant here
Duke. *Anthonio*, and old *S*
Por. Is your name *Shylock*
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Vene*
Cannot impugne you as you
You ſtand within his danger,
Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.
Por. Do you confeſſe the
An. I do.
Por. Then muſt the Jew
Shy. On what compulſion

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH